The Nugget is delivered to your home twice a week for only 30 cents per month

"God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are ready to guard and defend it."—Daniel Webster

Nevada City Nugget

COVERS RICHEST GOLD AREA IN CALIFORNIA

This paper gives your complete coverage of all local happenings. If you want to read about your friends, your neighbors, read The Nugget.

Vol. 18, No. 25. The County Seat Paper NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA The Gold Center MONDAY, MARCH 27, 1944

Thinking Out Loud

By H. M. L.

The tug of war between industry and the armed services for men under 26 years of age is being resolved in favor of the armed services. In a new order local Selective Service boards are instructed to pay no attention to expiration dates of present deferments for men in the age group, between 18th and 26th birthdays, and proceed to reclassify them as 1 A or in other classifications, as rapidly as possible.

There are not as many of these younger men in war industries or even in government civil service as generally supposed, but there is a considerable number, who should have been made available to the armed services before fathers began to be called up. In fact one of the reasons that, since October, local draft boards throughout the country have been falling behind requirements of the armed services at the rate of 100,000 per month can be attributed to their reluctance to call up fathers, when for one reason or another single young men and married non-fathers under 26 were being deferred as "necessary men" in war industries, or in occupations in support of the war. Some local boards balked completely and refused to send pre-Pearl Harbor fathers.

But by and large, throughout the country, a great many fathers have been inducted. Most local boards conscientiously try to fill their quotas and many succeed in doing so, even though they have inducted pre-Pearl Harbor fathers. All boards, as well as all citizens who think about the problems involved in sending fathers into the armed services, deplore the necessity. The huge increase in juvenile delinquency already apparent through the land, will be still further augmented by sundering fathers from their families. The mere fact that a wife and her children will be maintained by the government, in some cases far better than under normal conditions in so far as cash is concerned, does not solve the social problem involved in the children's unbalanced upbringing.

While the new order will not do away with the need of sending some fathers into the fighting forces, it will tend to diminish the number, and by that much help maintain a staple home front. It is regretable that someone in authority could not have foreseen this condition sooner. For if our younger men had been universally subject to draft, with precious few exceptions, more fathers might have found places in the war industries and war supporting industries, much earlier in the war.

Director Lewis B. Hershey, in his recent letter to Selective Service boards said: "We are in full agreement that the filling of calls for the armed forces is a matter of first priority." That means that the job of any single man or non-father outside of the armed forces must be extremely important, to gain him further deferment. It will mean that employers in war industries, ship building, airplane making, transportation and in agriculture, will be forced to make adjustments that they have been reluctant to make. There will be retraining problems, more women will be called for and subordinates in any given vocation must be drilled and fitted for replacing the young bosses holding many of the jobs now considered key positions in industry.

County agricultural war boards will need to carefully scan their recommendations for deferment of young fellows now deferred for farm work and food production. It may be possible to substitute more women in the fields for planting and harvesting, England has a relatively large army of women agricultural workers.

What does this general tightening of selective service requirements mean? It means quite definitely that we are approaching the big show down with our enemies. There must be reserves enough to make certain the victory. It is quite probable that most of the men now being inducted will never smell gunpowder, but they must be ready, physically fit, trained and armed, to enter the battle as replacements, if they are needed.

EMPIRE STAR MINE LOSS HELD TO LOW FIGURE

Fred Searls, Jr., president of the Empire Star Mines Company, Ltd., in his report for the year ending Dember 31st, 1943, stated that while two dividends of 50 cents each were paid half yearly in 1943 from surplus earned in profitable years, due to uncertainty regarding the duration of the war, and "the greater uncertainty regarding when your company may hope to resume unrestricted and profitable operation, it would appear that the interests of the share holders will now best be conserved by suspension of dividends until conditions become more favorable."

Regarding the WPB order No. L-208, closing gold mines, Searls reported that the Zeibright and Browns Valley mines were entirely closed and allowed to fill with water, but the Grass Valley mines, the Empire, and the Narth Star—by reason of "their depth and the extremely high cost of reopening would be kept dry and maintained until the drain on your company's liquid assets, having in view the probably length of the war, necessitated a change in this policy."

After reciting the lease of scheelite deposits (tungsten ore) in the North Star Mine to the New Verdi Company, which showed a profit of $21,050 to the Empire Star Mines Company, the operating loss to the company was -262,372 in 1943, Searls reported was reduced by the profit on the lease, plus income from shares held in other companies, dividends and interest on listed stocks and bonds, profits on purchase and sale of the latter, treatment of custom ore, clean up operations in mills and mines, to $23,603.

The balance sheet of the Empire Star shows $1,959,215 in current assets, of which $369,477 are in cash. Marketable securities are valued at $1,535,643. Properties of the company are listed at a total value of $4,909,554.

TWELVE SEEK DOWNEY'S JOB IN U. S. SENATE

SACRAMENTO, March 27—Frank M. Jordan, Secretary of State and California's chief election officer has released the official list of candidates for the consolidated primary elections May 16 and which showed 324 men and women aspirants for 124 congressional and state legislative posts.

Jordan said of the total candidates for nomination 164 are registered Republicans, 156 Democrats and four Prohibitionists.

Broken down by office eight Republicans are running against four Democrats for United States Senate; Congress 43 Republicans, 36 Democrats, 2 Prohibition; State Sesate, 18 Republicans, 13 Democrats; State Assembly, 95 Republicans, 103 Democrats, 2 Prohibition.

Jordan's figures disclosed there are more candidates running for the one seat in the United States Senate than any other office. Eleven men and one woman are in this race.

In the campaign for the 23 seats in the house of representatives, three women are participating, with ten running for the state assembly.

In only one congressional district, the fifth, is the incumbent unopposed.

For the 20 seats being sought in the senate, 12 candidates are unopposed.

The state assembly race shows 24 of the 80 offices are unopposed.

ENEMY ALIEN TO BE INVESTIGATED

Walter Fritz Keitzmann, registered German enemy alien was lodged in the county jail Thursday afternoon, and is being held for investigation by the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

For two weeks past the sheriffs office has been in receipt of complaints from residents of Town Talk and the Ridge Road, regarding the appearance, often startling, of a person of wild demeanor. Owners of cabins had also complained of small thefts and burglaries.

Deputy Sheriff George DeSoto and Game Warden Earl Hiscox made a thorough search of Deer Creek Canyon, where the man had been reported seen, but failed to find him. Later Hiscox took another look, happening on Keitzmann's trail and finally found him. Hiscox said that Keitzmann had been apparently living off the land along Deer Creek for about two weeks.

At the sheriff's office Keitzmann gave his birth place as Neutich, Germany, aged 60, residence in the U. S. 38 years. He had come to California from Salt Lake City. He had registered as an enemy alien.

CASE AGAINST FIVE STOCKMEN IS DISMISSED

The case against the five cattle raisers of western Nevada County, accused of slaughtering a stray cow that did not belond to them, following their preliminary hearing before Justice of the Peace Charles Morehouse, was dismissed.

The stockmen, charged with grand theft, were W. D. Magonigal, R. C. Colling, C. A. Compton, H. E. Magonigal and Thomas M. Jones. The cow, identified by the brand on its hide as the property of W. J. Ceresola of Wadsworth, Nevada, it developed had run with the herds of the five ranchers for two years. District Attorney Ward Sheldon stated that in all probability it joined their herds in the range above Washington in Tahoe National Forest in Nevada County.

Ceresola testified that during the years 1938, 1939 and 1940 a number of his cattle had been stolen, indicating that this cow had been missing for four years or more. Upon submission of this evidence Attorney James Snell, appearing for the defendants moved for a dismissal on the ground that cow was outlawed, no one could claim it. Justice of the Peace Morehouse granted the motion.

District Attorney Sheldon, however, stated last night he was dissatisfied with this action, and was considering bringing it before the county grand jury.

SGT. LOPACHET TAKES OWN LIFE

Sgt. Victor Lopachet, stationed at Camp Beale, committed suicide at 11:15 Saturday night at his home on Pine Wood Drive in the Union Hill district. According to Coroner Alvah Hooper there was no apparent reason for the act.

Lopachet was 46 years of age and had served in the U. S. Army 24 years. He had recently moved with the Replacement Depot from Pittsburg, Contra Costa county, to Camp Beale. He and his wife had only occupied their home here for a few weeks.

The coroner said that his inquiry revealed that the sergeant and his wife had just returned from down town Grass Valley. Lopachet walked into the living room and shot himself through the heart with a 32 caliber revolver. He was dying when the coroner arrived. Army authorities took charge of the body, which the coroner, on their request removed to Camp Beale.

Ben Pryor, CB 2/c and brother Roger Pryor who is with the Colusa county agricultural commission in that county, spent Sunday visiting their sister and brother in law, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Martine.

CANDIDATE FOR SENATOR SCORES VOTER APATHY

SACRAMENTO, March 27.—Scoring the apparent apathy on the part of the voters of California and the rest of the nation, State Treasurer Charles G. Johnson, candidate for U. S. Senator from California, today called upon every person of voting age to participate in the May 16 state primary.

"Who can deny," declared Johnson, "that the present political, economic and bureaucratic strangle hold that recently has been stifling the constitutional rights of all American is not due at least in part to neglect of our duty to our government."

Johnson asserted that "it would not be at all surprising if returning service men will demand renovation of the entire political, economic and social structure of the nation in order to return to the constitution.

"We must give them a hand now and lay the ground work with a new and invigorating sense of responsibility in the principles of government guaranteed by our forefathers," he added.

Johnson declared he was "greatly concerned" over the recently announced current voters' registration in California. These figures, he pointed out, hit the lowest point in 14 years despite population gains, and showed a loss of 700,000 voters for the Democratic party and a loss of 300,000 for the Republican party.

"Every clear thinking American will resist the temptation to say 'what's the use'." Johnson said in urging all persons to register immediately for the primary and general election.

LIEUT. COL. GOVE CELIO LEADS BIG AIR ARMADA

Mentioned over the 9 o'clock radio broadcast last evening was the name of Lieut. Col. Gove Celio, who led an air armada of 350 Marauders, the largest ever assembled of this type of light bomber to blast a U-boat base at Ijmuiden in Holland.

Celio is a graduate of the Nevada City High School a son of Gove Celio of this city and Mrs. Katherine Celio of Santa Clara. He was in the U. S. Army air force long before war was actually declared and his promotion since has been rapid.

B. F. PAYNE OF NOR. SAN JUAN DIES SUDDENLY

Benjamin Franklin Payne, died in a local hosital here Thursday afternoon following a heart attack at his home in North San Juan, Nevada County.

Alvah Hooper, coroner, took charge of the body.

Payne was a native of Challenge, Yuba County, aged 57 years. He had worked as a laborer in Yuba and Nevada County communities for most of his life.

Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Doris Alpers Payne, two sons, Edward C. and Robert F. Payne, and three brothers, Frank and Thomas Payne of Oakland, and John Payne of Redding.

Governor Warren Names Agricultural Dist. Director

Governor Earl Warren has appointed Vernon Stoll, John Bieber and Malcolm Hammill of Grass Valley and U. S. N. Johnson of Nevada City directors of the 17th Agricultural Association, which handles details of the Nevada County Fair.

With the exception of Hammill the appointees have served on the board before. Holdover directors are Joseph Day of Nevada City, C. Edmonds of Truckee, William Sammons of Forest Springs, and Thomas Mulcahy of Alta Hill.

PUBLIC HEALTH NURSES WANTED

The United States Civil Service Commission is seeking public health nurses at $2190 and $2433 a year including overtime pay, for the United States Public Health Service, Federal Security Agency, and Indian Service, including Alaska, Department of the Interior.

No written test is required and there are no maximum age limits. Applicants for both the $2190 and $2433 positions must be registered nurses and must have had at least 30 semester hours in public health nursing in addition to the regular nursing course. No experience is required for the $1190 positions and only one year for the $2433 positions.

Nurses appointed to these positions will help to plan and carry out public health programs in communities throughout the United States. Those employed in Indian Service must be able to drive a car in all types of weather.

There is no closing date for this examination. Applications will be accepted by the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., until further notice.

Announcements and application forms may be obtained from the commission's local secretary, Howard Penrose, at post office or from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C. 25. Persons using their highest skills in war work should not apply. Federal appointments are made in accordance with War Manpower Commission policies and employment stabilization programs.

DEATH CALLS WILLIAM JEFFERY

William C. Jeffery, night watchman and constable in Nevada City for 17 years passed away at his home, 412 Sacramento street, yesterday morning at 6 o'clock.

Jeffery was a native of Cornwall, England, awed 75 years. He came to the United States in 1890 and had resided in Nevada City for over half a century. For 30 years he followed mining and was employed in the local mines. Four years ago he had undergone an operation for cateract and since that time his health had gradually failed.

Jeffery was a charter member of the Mine Workers Protective League a member of the Nevada City Elks Lodge, and of the Knights of Pythias.

Surviving him is his daughter, Miss Marie Jeffery of this city. Funeral arrangements will be annonced by Holmes Funeral Home.

CEDRIC PORTER TO HEAD ROTARY

Rev. Cedric Porter, rector of the Trinity Episcopal Church, has been chosen by the directors of the Nevada City Rotary Club to be president. He will take office July 1st. He may enter upon his duties at an earlier date, due to the fact that Beryl Robinson, present incumbent, is to begin service in the U. S. Navy within a few days.

A. M. Holmes has been elected vice president and H. E. Kjorlie, secretary. Other directors of the club are Guerdon Ellis, H. A. Curnow, Al Bates and Curren Heath.

Patrol Auxiliary Has Roast Pork Dinner

A roast pork dinner was served the California Highway Patrol Auxiliary, called together by Capt. Joseph Blake of the Hills Flat patrol station to hear Inspector William White in the Nevada City Elks Club Saturday evening.

Inspector White is coordinator of the Civilian Patrol, or auxiliary groups. He defined their duties, not only as a war time emergency group, but as an auxiliary which might be called into service under peace time conditions should occasion warrant.

Chefs for the evening were Richard R. Goyne, A. M. Holmes, Irving Long, Carl Kitts and Emilda Berolo.

REPUBLICAN CHAIRMAN ASKS FOR UNITY

Senator Edward H. Tickle, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, today strongly urged all Republican County Central Committees to refrain from making pre-primary endorsements in legislative or congressional contests where there are several Republican candidates, or in the race for United States Senator.

The Republican State Chairman, in a letter to all county chairmen, declared:

"In the interest of party harmony, and in keeping with the spirit and intent of the primary election law, I believe it is vital that our Republican County Central Committees refrain from making pre-primary endorsements in contests between Republicans for legislative and congressional offices and for the United States Senate.

"We have a splendid opportunity to carry California back into the Republican fold at the November General Election, but to win we must have a united party—and the county committees, when the primary is over, should be in position to coordinate all elements in the party.

"This we cannot achieve, in my opinion, if our county committees become partisan committees in Republican primary contests and favor one Republican as against another. I therefore strongly recommend that your Republican County Central Committee refuse to make pre-primary endorsements, except in such cases as where there may be a single Republican candidate unopposed by any other member of the party for the Republican nomination."

MORE RED CROSS DONATIONS

The Red Cross announces another list of donors to the drive which was closed several days ago with an oversubscription of Nevada City's quota of $8,3090. However, most of the subscriptions now coming in had already been counted in the totals before the list of donors had been made public. These are the latest donations:

Nevada City Women's Civic Club $25.00; Nevada City Lodge BPOE, No. 518 $25.00; Nevada City Elementary P. T. A. $25.00; Penn, Engine Co. No. 2 Fire Dept. $290.00; James F. Colley $20.00; Pupils of Gold Flat School $12.17; Employees U. S. Forest Service (add.) $10.50; Mr. and Mrs. Tom Coan $10.00; Mrs. M. A. O'Connor $6.00; Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Bettcher $5.25; Evangeline Chapter OES $10.00.

$5.00—Mr. and Mrs. R. Norton, Mr. Sam Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Tobiassen, Mrs. Margaret Weldon, Mrs. Alice Gomert, Miss Retha Downey (Washington, D. C.), Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Ceachum, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Pollard, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Walthers, Mrs. Jack Fletcher, Mrs. H. S. Foreman, Est. of Miss W. A. Mulloy.

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Wiley $4.00; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stewart $3.00; Mr. and Mrs. L. J. West $3.00; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Murray (Virginia) $3.00.

$2.50—Mr. and Mrs. P. Ranft Mrs. Ethel Parsons, Ada Rich, Chas Parsons, Henry Wong,

$2.50—L. Garibaldi, Mr. and Mrs Frank Williams, Mrs. Gineva D Vore Wm. Masterson, Mrs. Steinhilper, Chester White, Mr. and Mrs H. Whipp, John Piantoni, Miss Fannie Holland, Frank Miller, Mrs. A Price.

$1.50—Fred Wasley.

$1.00—Frank Escher, Mrs. A Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Fisk, Mrs Fred Tourtelotte, Billy Tobiassen David Tobiassen, Len Swon, Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Smith, B. V. Crene, Bil Filler, Sam Hooper George Bahr Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Washburn, Nellie B. Davis, Mildred Tobiassen, Ronald Tobiassen, Mr. and Mrs. C. E Winney. G. N. Williard, Mrs. L. E Bankus.

50c—Mrs. B. Lyner.

Correction: Mrs. June Brow $7.50; Miss Eleanor Nelson $7.00 Mrs. V. Poston $1.00; George A Noyes $1.00.

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H. M. LEETE - - - - - Editor and Publisher

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A SIZABLE PIECE OF CRUST

"It has been suggested that I should give my approval to this bill on the ground that having asked the Congress for a loaf of bread to take care of this war for the sake of this and succeeding generations, I should be content with a small piece of crust."—From President Roosevelt's tax bill veto message to Congress

Which provoked this comment from Senator Barkley, leader of the Democratic majority in the Senate:

"That piece of . . . crust (estimated additional revenue $2,300,000,000) constitutes a sum large enough to pay two-thirds of expenses of the mustering out pay for the armed forces — which congress passed only a few weeks ago. and which the president himself recommended and signed. To refuse this small piece of inedible crust is the same as if a starvnig man were to say to his would-be benefactor, 'Unless you serve me with a full eight course dinner I will not eat a bote."

Senator Barkley might have added that congress has provided the president's spending branch of the government with a very generous-sized "loaf of bread" in previous tax laws. As a result, the taxpayers of the United States will pay in federal taxes in this fiscal year the colossal sum of 42½ billion dollars. And to this giant loaf of bread in federal taxes should be added a "crust' of 10 billion dollars in state and local taxes, or a total of 52½ billion dollars.

In fairness to the taxpayers of the United States—and to congress—the president might well have expressed in his tax bill veto message for the 42½ billion dollar federal loaf of bread instead of censuring congress for adding a picayune $2,300,000,000 piece of crust.

For verily, as President Roosevelt has so truthfully said, "taxes are paid in the sweat of every man who labors.'

A TIP ON SWAPPING HORSES

In a speech delivered in St. Paul, Minn., April 18, 1932. Franklin D. Roosevelt said:

"There will be many in this nation during the coming months who will implore you not to swap horses crossing a stream; there will be others who will laughingly tell you that the appeal should have been worded, 'Do not swap toboggans while you are sliding downhill,' But it seems to me that the more truthful, the more accurate plea to the people of the nation should be this: 'If the old car, in spite of frequent emergency repairs, has been bumping along downhill on only two cylinders for thre long years. it is time to get another car that will start uphill on all four'."

This speech has been preserved for posterity in "Public Papers and Addresses of Franklin D. Roosevelt." Vol 1, pages 638-639.

In 1944 the voters of the nation will substitute "eleven long years" in the above quotation and accept the advice given by Candidate Roosevelt. Recent election returns indicate that they have decided that it is high time to swap horses, toboggans, the old auto—and even presidents— in their determination to get across the stream and back to balanced budgets, lower taxes, less regimenation and Constitutional government.

OUR CHANCES ARE IMPROVING

"Northern California has every raw material necessary for a ferro-metals program, based on Shasta Dam power."

This statement, attributed to officials of the United States Bureau of Mines in Washington, has far reaching significance to California.

If, as the statement infers, adequate ores of iron and alloy metals are present in this area—a belief hitherto disputed —then we have the essentials of a basic steel industry here.

The federal experts appear to contemplate Shasta power as the principal ore reducing agent but many mining men insist that California can produce its own coking coal, if necessary, and smelting processes are being developed which can utilize Northern Californias huge supply of natural gas.

The outlook for a postwar iron and steel industry in California is improving but it is not likely to become a reality until the reluctance of the eastern steel giants is overcome. Here is an instance where business and civic groups of Northern an Central California can join hands to form a beneficent "pressure group" which has as its objective the welfare of an entire region.—Contributed.

PERSISTENCE REWARDED

Now happily ended, the long controversy between the Golden Gate Bridge and the federal government over government toll-free use of the bridge perfectly exemplifies the wisdom of the old adage "if at first you don't succeed, try, try, again."

From the day the bridge opened, the bridge district was saddled with an unexpected government contention that free tolls must be granted to 195 federal agencies. At long last, as the Duke of Windsor would say, the district has won the assent of congress and the president to restricting that toll-free privilege to the armed forces and their civilian employees.

The outcome is a triumph of persistence, for which the directors representing the six bridge district counties deserve commendation. More substantial recognition of their efforts now will come in annual payment of from $100,000 to $500,000 in government tolls hitherto evaded.—Contributed.

MR. MOTO, CASUALTY

Unfortunately for the plot-builders of fiction, radio and screen, war has blasted many of the romantic idyls nourished for years in the public mind.

Few Yanks detailed to the South Pacific will return with exactly the same pre-war taste for either the locale or the ladies of those islands. In their atoll-hopping exploits, their first version of the golden sands and tropical verdure too often has been a frowsy one of bomb-pocked terrain and blackened palm stumps. Too often has the fictional flower-decked sarong girl materialized anywhere near the bases, though her fat and underslung sisters show up at all the native gatherings.

Undermined, too, for some time to come, are the ferocious head-hunter sequences of the spine chillers. Too many flyers, forced down in the jungle borders of Burma. India and China, have enjoyed the kindly hospitality of those terrifying savages.

And little Mr. Moto, the Japanese secret agent known to all detective fiction addicts, has completely disappeared—just another war casualty. Some internment camp swallowed him up and it is very doubtful that he will ever regain any popularity here.

It would seem that a great many such losses have been sustained by the entertainment world. Certainly there will be some gaps to fill; some changes to make. Perhaps much of the fiction of the future will find its locale in the world of the future, a new world whose actual accomplishments will shade those fictional stratospher-built cities of the past and put Superman to shame. Or possibly the plays, movies and books will deal more realistically than ever before with plot and character.

It is plain, in any event, that fictionists for some time to come will have to steer clear of many time-mellowed themes that the audience now is very apt to know more about from first-hand experience than the author.—Contributed.

THE 4-F's AMONG US

In the last war some misguided people, giddy in the first flush of patriotic fervor, pinned white feathers more or less indiscriminately on young men not in uniform.

Thus were the young men publicly advised of their disfavor as "slackers." Actually many of them had no more control over their military service than the feather donors themselves. It was a silly business and pretty quickly outgrown.

There are many among us today who for various perfectly legitimate reasons are not in uniform. The most logical deterrent on earth to military duty is physical deficiency. Yet the average man would rather duck the issue and let the neighbors think what they choose than to admit a spinal curvature, kidney trouble or flat feet. And even if he would, he couldn't go about with explanations constantly on his lips.

Unfortunately, too, it isn't always perfectly satisfactory to all onlookers for a 4-F to dedicate himself to a war job. If he looks reasonably healthy he's apt to be suspected of draft dodging behind an "indispensable" label.

It would be a very kindly gesture indeed for Uncle Sam to provide some emblem signifying the status of men unavailable for duty—an emblem a man could wear if he chose, to protect himself from the unpleasant suspicions of those who see a slacker behind every bush. There is scant hope, however, that any such device will be provided. And since there are numerous 4-F's with us who don't look it, it is best in the meantime to withhold judgment unless the facts are known. It is better to miss castigating a draft dodger than to risk grieving a disappointed youth who physically just couldn't make the grade.—Contributed.

THOSE FOUR FREEDOMS

In coming months you are going to hear much about the "four freedoms" that the New Dealers tell us are fighting for and which, presumably, we are going to give to all nations of the world, free of charge.

The "four freedoms" have their appeal to liberty-loving and idealistic Americans but some foreigners seem to be a bit skeptical about the prospect. A Chinese philosopher, Dr. Lin Yutang, is not at all enthused, and perhaps his comments on the subject should be given some consideration. For further reference you might paste the following remarks by Dr. Lin in your scrap book:

"Two of the four freedoms are not freedoms at all. Freedom from fear is not freedom, but political security. Freedom from want is not freedom, but economic security. Both may be achieved at the cost of human freedom, and probably will, if we think too much about animal security.

"Nothing gives such a feeling of perfect freedom from want and fear to a dog as a collar around its neck. Its next meal is guaranteed. A bird in a cage has exchanged its freedom on the wing for freedom from the preying hawk and freedom from starvation in the snow. But a bird which deliberately flies into a cage cannot be said to be fighting for its freedom except by the most caustic casuistry

"We may, if we like, easily add a few more freedoms, like 'freedom from disease,' which is health, and 'freedom from dirt,' which is cleanliness, and 'freedom from the telephone,' which is peace and rest—ad infinitum.

"And so when we speak of freedom we must stick to the original meaning of the term," just plain good old freedom—human freedom. It is possible for man to have all the four freedoms—to talk and think as he pleases and to be fed and sheltered in secuity—and yet be a slave."

Personal

Mr. and Mrs A. N. Wisker and daughter Frances, of Sacramento were visitors at the home of Mrs. Wisker's sister, Miss Alma Marsh on Sunday.

Joe Phelps returned home Saturday from Stockton where he completed a six weeks machinist course at the forest service maintenance plant.

Mrs. Gene Gregory of Oakland arrived from Colusa Saturday for a few days visit with Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mullin.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Holcomb of Oakland were recent visitors at the home of her mother, Mrs. T. B. Jones on the Tahoe Ukiah highway.

Mrs. Tony Casta, post master and Mr. and Mrs. Tony Lavezzola of Downieville visited friends in Nevada City Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Lavezzola were enroute home from a business trip to Sacramento.

W. E. Moulton, Mrs. K. Madden and sister, Miss Theresa O'Connor, of French Corral and Birchville were in Nevada City Thursday attending to business affairs.

Mrs. Virginia Ghidotti, one of the Alpha Stores staff is enjoying a two week's vacation.

Arthur Dow and bride spent the past week end in Nevada City coming up from the bay distict. Dow owns property on Nile street. While here he visited friends.

Ben Sweeney came to Nevada City from San Jose Saturday and returned with his mother, Mrs. C. G. Sweeney who has spent the past month here with her sister, Mrs. Clara Philips. Avery Phillips of Stockton accompanied Ben to this city and visited his mother.

Donald McBean, forest service engineer, left the hospital Saturday, having undergone a minor surgical operation.

Harriet, Six, Runs Away From Lonesome Home

Harriet, six year old, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Johnson, an Indian family that lives in the Campoodie, ancient Indian village on the western slope of Cement Hill, couldn't understand why her mother and older sister had suddenly vanished, when she returned from play at dusk Friday night.

She called in the empty cabin for her mother and sister, but no answer. She rememberer a kind old man who lived near the Gault bridge in Nevada City, a mile and a half away. He sometimes gave her candy. She decided she needed a friend now.

Mrs. Johnson and the sister, returned a few mniutes after Harriet had gone. They had driven some stray cattle from the pine thickets about their home. They hunted for the child for half hour. Looked into irrigation ditch but she wasn't there. Finally Deputy Sheriff Carl Larsen was called. Among other clues Mrs. Johnson told of the old man who usually gave the children candy. Larsen took that clue and found the child sound asleep in an improvised bed at the old man's home.

RED CROSS BENEFIT

To aid in the effort to raise $5,000 needed to attain Grass Valley's Red Cross quota of $17,100 the Grass Valley Rifle, Rod and Gun Club Auxiliary will give a card party on Thursday evening, March 30th, in the Emmanuel Episcopal Parish House.

Phone 36 FOR WANT ADS

HORSEMEN, ATTENTION!

We have been very fortunate in securing several saddles. Most complete stock ever on display. Come early as possible and see. these while the assortment is here.

MOEN'S SHOE HOSPITAL

412—4th Street, Marysville.
3-233tc

FOR SALE—Single corn planter and a two horse wagon. Rudolph Younkers, opposite County Machinery Barn on Lake Vera Road. inery Barn on Lake Vera Road. P. O. Box 628. 3-23-2tp

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WANTED — Coin collections. L. E. Sherow, Box 2, Nevada City. 3-513p

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CHAPTER IV

"I refused and they started making up a herd of their own. Buying at the cheap price now, they'll save fifty thousand dollars if they get to Ogallala with that herd . . . and I don't with mine."

"Sure," Lew said, "sure," and a sudden restless impatience goaded him up onto his long legs. "But that's a game two can play, Tom! What's the matter here anyway? If a stampede is their deal give 'em one back. You've come up through enough trouble to know all the tricks."

Unaroused, Arnold said quietly, "I've let Clay handle this."

Lew's glance sharpened on him. "If trouble's bound to come," he said, "I'd rather settle it now than on the trail. There'll be grief enough later. Does Clay know I'm to trail boss for you?"

"Not yet." Arnold's dark eyes lifted. He smiled. "I'm glad to know you've still got an edge on you! That's what I've been counting on, that and a proposition I'm going to make." His gruff bluntness returned. "Now don't get it into your fool head that this is a gift. I've got my own good and selfish reasons."

Looking down past the man, Lew saw the breathless way in which Joy was watching him, her lips parted, all of her body held very still. And Tom was saying, "I want you to take a share in this Cross T herd. A trade. You've got that land in Wyoming. I've got cattle and no place to range them. I'm adding a thousand head of shes and yearlings to the beef contract. That thousand head will make a start on the new ranch—half for Joy and Steve, half for you."

It was a generous offer, more than generous, all that he would need, but with a price that neither of these two understood. Silenced by that knowledge, he stared down into the firelight so long that behind him, almost in anger, Arnold's gruff voice burst out, "Well? What's the trouble now?"

"Tom," he said, "I'm sorry. I'll boss your herd north, and you can use my range in Wyoming. But I can't tie myself as a Cross T partner." He saw a sharp breath drawn between the girl's parted lips and the old man's sudden blank amazement. "You forget Clay Manning," he said. "That makes a fourth one in this deal after a while. There wouldn't be room."

He was aware of Joy's deeper quietness and of the fixed stare of her eyes upon him, and then in that moment's silence an abrupt rhythm of riders pounded across the ranch yard.

It was Clay Manning's shout that sailed in to them, and then the thud of his boots hit the gallery outside, swinging down from saddle to floor edge as he always did, with his horse hardly at a stop.

The door burst open and he came in like a gust of prairie wind, filling the room with that charged and vital force.

In the doorway he turned his head and called back outside, "It's all right, kid," and then came on in to Joy. He put one arm all the way around her in intimate possession, hugged her hard; and at the same time, while he made that show, he was grinning and saying, "Glad to see the old home ranch again, Lew?"

"Sure," he said, "sure," and looked past him at Steve coming in now, wondering what Clay's call, "It's all right, kid," had meant.

Halfway across the room Steve asked, almost with a small boy's truculence, "What did you want me for, Dad?"

"Wondered where you were," Arnold said. "What happened?"

"Good lord! That all? Nothing happened! Only got separated from the bunch." It was not until then that he faced around with a casual greeting, "How's Wyoming?"

"Fine, Steve," Lew said. "Fine if you dodge the Sioux. Didn't get my hair lifted yet!"

There had been a little awkward wait. With sudden nervous unrest Steve flung himself from the fireplace mantel. He spoke to his father, "If that's all you wanted—" And then, "Come on, Clay. Let's go!" He started across the room.

The rush of their horses' hoofs died from the ranch yard and the night's deep silence came again. Tom Arnold moved from the fireplace. He looked suddenly old and tired. "I'm going to bed."

He turned into the hallway leading to his lonely quarters at the rear of the house. so unlike the large front corner bedroom that he had shared once and did not use any more.

When the distant door had closed he faced Joy's small figure standing dark against the red embers of the fire.

"Joy," he asked, "what's happened? I mean to your father."

"I didn't know myself," she said, "until tonight. It's Steve. They've had terrible times this year. And yet Steve means everything to him. You know that. You remember when he was a little boy and had diphtheria and we thought he was going to die? Remember how Dad hardly left the house all that time and it looked as if it would kill him too? It's like that now, I think. He sees Steve throwing his life away and it takes his own life right out of him." She looked up gravely. "Lew, you could have helped more than you did."

Staring off into the room's darkness, he said, "I'll go up the trail, but that's all. I can't promise about the ranch."

"Lew." Her hands slid down to his wrists. "Why, Lew?" Her voice was low and hushed. "Tell me. Why not?"

He turned his head and looked down at her then; she was a woman with all of a woman's understanding and yet must hear a man say what was already plain enough. He saw the fullness and roundness beneath the tight red cloth of her dress giving her no longer the innocence of a little girl, and there was that breathless wait in her eyes.

That controlled moment suddenly left him. He caught her and pulled her up hard in his arms. Once before tonight he had kissed her; yet that for both of them was a kiss of meeting. He drew her up now with a violent urge to stir in her what was so mad inside himself. For an instant she was rigid, and then she was clinging to him with a turbulent strength.

He let her go as suddenly as he had caught her and stood back, shaken and staring.

Her voice choked. "Lew, I didn't know." She leaned against the mantel edge.

"You know now."

"Yes." She looked at him, pain and despair coming into her dark eyes.

He awoke in the morning with the green streak of dawn beyond his window, and the tempest of last night's feeling with Joy was gone. He could see his way clearly again. It was like a stormy tide that had risen and flung itself against the rocks and fallen back to a surface calm. There had been a release of some kind in that moment of holding her in his arms and letting her know.

In the warm, steamy kitchen he found Tom Arnold and Clay Manning with a third man who was a stranger to him.

Arnold said, "Morning, Lew. Guess you don't know Ed Splann. This is Burnet, Splann, the fellow

Lew climbed up on a steep slant wooded with pine.

we were talking about who's going to trail-boss for me."

"Howdy," Splann grunted, looked up and dropped his head again.

Their talk did not go on. Clay Manning hadn't spoken. Drinking his second cup of coffee, Lew felt a surliness in the silence here. Then something in the way the new Cross T hand stared up at him once in a direct, measuring appraisal and after that kept busy with his food made him take a more careful look. He was a powerfully built man, huge in every proportion, with arms as thick as a steer's foreleg, rough features that were full and bold, unshaved and covered with a red-brown stubble. He looked like a cinnamon bear hunched over his plate; but watching him, Lew could place him in no familiar pattern.

By the time he sat down to the table Clay and Ed Splann had finished eating. They stood up at once, dropped their dishes into Owl-Head's wooden washtub and went out together.

"What's holding Clay's tongue? Got a grouch on this morning?"

Tom Arnold could be mild at strange times. He said gently, "Go easy with Clay, Lew. He didn't take much to the idea of your being here to trail-boss for me. You can't blame him. He's been north twice himself."

"But not for two years, Tom, and trail conditions change over night. Clay knows that."

"He'll smooth out," Arnold said, "when we get started."

"When will that be? What's left to be done?" He felt a sudden blocked irritation. There was something here that he wanted to slash through. "Hell's little fishes, Tom, there's been time enough!"

"You'd know better than that if you had been here," Arnold said. "We've been hounded on every side. Clay says we'll leave day after tomorrow. I'd hoped today. Road-branding is all that's left to do. I bought some mixed herds the past two years. We've got to get those all under the Cross T."

"How many, Tom?"

"A thousand head about."

Briefly Lew figured. A thousand head . . . ten hours. There was a trick he knew. But Clay Manning was still the foreman here; and then Tom Arnold's look hardened and he was saying, "I'll be eternally damned if a man can be everywhere! Moonlight Bailey's still my horse wrangler and a good one, but he's let the remuda drift, I guess. He told me last night we're thirty head short. We'll hunt them today."

"Try Crazy Woman," Lew offered. "I saw tracks." He explained no more. In a moment, with his breakfast finished, he said, "Since I'm not signed on the pay roll yet I'll take a little cruise this morning alone."

He saw Arnold's glance lift sharply and drop. It was not his way to question a man.

He rode west, threading the bottom of a twisted, broken canyon that rose toward the high rimrock above the valley. Presently he passed through the lower growth of desert willow into the juniper belt and then climbed on up a steep slant wooded with pine.

Even as he watched eastward he could see dust clouds layered above the advancing columns, some of them forty miles away. Closer, where Ox Bow town made a handful of gray adobe cubes scattered beside the new railroad, a dark swarm moved out slowly, taking the arrowhead trail formation.

He straightened in a moment, squinting to sharpen the focus of what his roving gaze had caught.

A lone rider was coming out from that herd near town, the hoofs of his running horse shooting up puffs of dust like exploded bombs. He came on incredibly fast. Still out on the plain, he veered toward the low hills that rimmed the eastern side of the valley and was lost in there for perhaps ten minutes. When he came out his pace had slowed to a walk. Like that, unhurried, he moved into the Cross T roundup camp at the valley's mouth.

"Now then," Lew asked, "what kind of coyote business was that?"

With his gaze led to the roundup camp by that lone rider he watched the work going on below him. It brought a sudden scowl to the steady set of his hazel eyes. Half a dozen branding fires sent their smoke into the still air. He could see the small darting figures of mounted men cut into the pool of cattle and come out, each with his single animal at a rope's end. There were a thousand steers to be road-branded, so Tom Arnold had said. They'd never get that job done by tomorrow night.

Thought of so much lost time put its irritation in him. He knew a better way.

He sat up and gathered his reins to go and turned for a last look at the spring where he had hoped a man would be camping. Old Willy Nickle was crouched there beside the water, smoking his black clay pipe.

Lew grinned and wheeled his horse toward the motionless figure.

"Lord, Willy," he said, "you do make my scalp itch! Did you happen to be an Apache I'd have an arrow in my hump ribs by now!"

"So you would." Willy nodded.

"How long have you been here? Saw no sign of your camp."

The old man stood up and stuffed his pipe into the deep pocket of his deer-hide coat. "Last night," he said. "You don't never leave your camp sign, boy," he advised gravely. "Bury your fire and sleep away somewheres from the water. Well, that's just talk though!" He leaned on the slender barrel of his needle gun and stared down into the valley. "Seems like the Cross T's been slowed up some. That herd there past town is the Indian Supply outfit, so I think, hitting the trail ahead of Tom Arnold. That's been their caper."

"They've thrown trouble aplenty into the Cross T's start," Lew agreed, "so I'm told." He looked down into the old fellow's dark, gentle face and brought out the thing he wanted to know.

He gave his details clearly. "If a man leading the Cross T was to swing west and keep off the trail he'd save time and even pass the Indian Supply outfit maybe. There's a shorter route. They tell me that Colonel McKitrick led a scouting army up the Staked Plain once and marked the way with rock piles. There's buffalo grass enough this year. But it's a question of water. No man hereabouts could say, I guess."

"Well, he could!" old Willy stated. "It'd be a dry drive first day to a tank, with nothing to go by. Then there'll be those rock piles plain as a man's nose. He could make it a hundred miles north to the White Salt Fork. A double butte is his landmark there. He goes east from that."

"There'll be water on the Staked Plain then, sure?"

"If a man knows how the Apaches got it in them dry cienegas."

Lew grinned. "He does." This was satisfying information, and he made a vital decision in that moment. "It'll be the rock-pile route for the Cross T when I take it over. Without things happening we'll start in another day."

Willy nodded and crouched again beside the water; and so, having planted that knowledge in his brain, Lew left him like a brown old eagle perched high on the ledge of rock.

He rode down toward the branding fires in the valley's mouth. Out on the flat ground, a big, pot-bellied mossyhorn broke suddenly from two men who had cut him from the herd. With his rope swinging he turned him and was up close to the two riders when he recognized Clay and Ed Splann.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Indian BEEF
by HAROLD CHANNING WIRE
WNU RELEASE

New Postal Rate Effective As Of March 26

Betty Martin West postmaster announces effective March 26, postal rates for local drop letters becomes 3c per ounce in place of present 2c per ounce. In other words the 2c per ounce rate is discontinued.

This change affects letters mailed by or to rural route patrons as well as star route way sack patrons.

Air mail for army and navy overseas patrons remains 6c per half ounce. Air mail within the United States, Canada and Alaska becomes 8c per ounce on above date.

Other rate changes will be posted in the lobby of the Nevada City post office. Ask your postal clerk for addifional information.

JUST WONDERIN'

I wonder when we freely wield
Our powers of criticism,
Composed of analytic barbs
Or keen edged wittiicism,
And glittering generalities—
High voltage stuff. rhetorical,
With ammunition from the past
Conclusively historical.

I wonder what we, you and I would do, if suddenly deprived of our inherent right sto criticise. Having used our rights of free speech, having been allowed to criticise everything in our national life from the president down to the most insignificant events on the daily record. I'm sure we should be intolerably irked if our privileges in this department were to any extent curtailed.

The free use of intelligent and constructive criticism has made our nation what it is today; it keeps us alert, ready to correct failures and to try new measures. But often the crtics are in need of criticism, for this power when used unwisely, may cause incaluable harm; tearing down where it should be building up and destroying where it should be creating.

An eminent artist once said to me, "one should never criticise any work of art—a painting, a musical composition, or a literary production, until he has been able to detect something that is good in it." Perhaps that would be a wise rule to follow in our criticism of persons and events, races, creeds and philosophies of life, especially for the amateur critisizer.

Do you remember how, a few short years ago, we were busy criticising the younger generation? What did we say of the boys and girls in those care free days before the war? They were irresponsible, irrepressible, light headed, perverse, they were disrespectful toward their elders, and so on and on. Today, we blush as we recall our attitude toward the youths of yesteryear, for now those same happy-go-lucky youngsters—boys and girls upon whom we looked with misgivings are out on far flung battle fronts of the world, fighting to save our inherent rights, and our integrity as a nation.

We weighed them in our critical minds and found them wanting: but they have withstood every test of courage, and now we know them for what they really are, a great army of earth's most valiant and brave.

It is sobering to realize that these young people who, so short a time ago, seemed to be thinking of nothing but their own youthful pleasures, should now be standing between their nation and two of the deadliest foes that ever threatened the rights of humanity. On the battle field, with the Red Cross in our laboratories and factories, these girls and boys are toiling and fighting and making us ashamed of our old view points and of our pitiful lack of understanding.

In the light of our experiences as critics of the glorious generation, it behooves us to look carefully, before we express opinions of their younger brothers and sisters. If we find ourselves in a critical mood, it might be a good idea to look back to our own care free past, and to remember that we were never called upon to make their decisions, endure their sacrifices, or to fight their battles—A. Merriam Conner.

DEATH

JAMES—In Oakland, Alameda County, March 22, 1944, Richard Henry James, brother of John and Andrew James, and Mrs. Thomas Allen, all of Grass Valley, a native Cornwall, England, aged 82 years. Funeral services were held March 25th in Grass Valley. Interment was in Elm Ridge Cemetery.

NO. 4376

NOTICE TO CREDITORS
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF NEVADA.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNA NORA AUSTIN, also known as NORA AUSTIN Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will of Anna Nora Auston, also known as Nora Austin, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, within six months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the county of Nevada, or to exhibit such claims, with the necessary vouchers, within six months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law offices of James Snell, at No. 152½ Mill Street in the City of Grass Valley, County of Nevada, State of California, which said law offices the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matter connected with said Estate of Anna Nora Austin, also known as Nora Austin deceased.

Dated this 18th day of March, 1944.

IRVING LONG,
Executor of the last Will of Anna Nora Austin, also known as Nora Austin, Deceased.
Mar. 20, 27, Apr. 3, 10.

Three Foresters To Attend Scaler School

Three Tahoe Forest officials left today to attend a 10-day scaler school at Quincy, Plumas County. The three are Fred Rixey and William Nelson of Downieville, Sierra County, and Clarence Martz of Forest Hill, Placer County.

The school was instituted, it is explained by Harlow Wood, executive assistant to the supervisor, because of the fact that many log scalers in the forest service have either joined the armed forces or entered private employment. Lumber companies working under war pressure in many instances have offered higher salaries to competent scalers.

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Political Advertisement

L. "JERRY" SEAWELL
FOR
State Senator
7TH SENATORIAL DISTRICT
Primary Election
Tuesday, May 16, 1944

WITH OUR BOYS IN GLOBAL WAR

Pvt. Millard Hurst—

Pvt. Millard Hurst stationed at March Field, Calif. and listing Nevada City as his home town, has just completed a special training assignment in Peoria, Illinois.

While in Peoria Pvt. Hurst studied the repair and maintenance of earth-moving equipment in a school conducted by R. G. LeTourneau, Inc., for the training of mechanics in the U. S. Engineers. The equipment covered is used by the aviation engineers for construction work and emergency repairs at the front and in advanced bases. One hundred to 130 specially selected soldiers take this course each month.

Cpl. Craig Davies—

Marine Corporal Craig Davies, 20, of 415 Winter Street, recently reported to Camp Pendleton, Marine Corps base at Oceanside, California, for duty as a bus driver for a motor transport company.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Davies of Commercial Street, Nevada City.

Before enlisting, Corporal Davies was a miner at the Lava Cap Mining Company.

He attended Nevada City High School, where he played on the varsity basketball, football and baseball teams. A brother, Corporal Lionel C. Davies also is in the Marine Corps.

Noble McCormack, Jr.—

Noble McCormack, Jr., is still in Algiers according to last letters received here by his parents, County Clerk and Mrs. R. N. McCormack. He is in the headquarters transportation division of the U. S. Army, and states he is in fine health.

Benjamin Sizelove—

Benjamin Sizelove, who is in the U. S. Merchant Marine is enjoying leave here with his mother and aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mullin of Adams street. He has been in India for some time and its the first time he has been home in seven months.

Funeral Services Held For Late R. H. James

Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon in the chapel of the Hooper and Weaver Mortuary for the late Richard Henry James who passed away in Oakland on March 22nd. Rev. Mark Pike officiated and interment was in Elm Ridge Cemetery.

James was a native of Cornwall, England, aged 82 years. He had spent the greater part of his life in Grass Valley where for many years he was employed as a miner. He was one of the charter members of the Mine Workers Protective League. He was affiliated with the Grass Valley Methodist Church.

Surviving are two brothers John and Andrew James, and a sister, Mrs. Thomas Allen, all of Grass Valley.

BORN

GIRARD—In Nevada City, Nevada County March 24, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred K. Girard, a son.

DINNIE WOULD LIKE A SLICE OF PIGEON PIE

By MILES D. COUGHLIN

Dinnie Coughlan, the quiet custodian of the Nevada County Court House, has lately had unusual difficulties piled upon him in his constant efforts to keep the county building clean and almost spotless and to keep up with the current best stories.

It wasn't too tough that snow came along and made a nasty mess in front of the building nor did it daunt him when a spring developed in the front sidewalk and muddy water discolored the concrete. Those things could be handled easily. So could the furnace which now and then decided to quit and the building cooled. Dennie got out the shovel which Cary Arbogast forgot to take away during the big snow of 1937 and mucked the snow into the street. He arranged with Herb Hallett to have Nick Sandow dig up around the spring and stop the leak in the water main. When he is told the fire is out it only takes a few matches and some paper to perk it up again.

But, pigeons on the court house sign! What to do about them? It seems that there are four nice fat pigeons who have adopted the court house as their observation post or perhaps as a home or at least a central gathering spot for multiplication of the species. At any rate, there are two blue pigeons and two white pigeons and they are all good at cooing and fluttering and other things that pigeons do at frequent intervals.

There is a horizontal ledge which extends out from the front of the building about 45 feet above the ground and about 20 feet below the roof, with big letters that futuristically spell "Court House". These are nice big things, these letters, and make good places for pigeons to get behind, and hide. But, they don't always hide and there are occasionally citizens who try to find which door in the front opens so that they can get in and pay their taxes.

People, generally, don't like to be subjected to bombing attacks on the door step of their own court house and they mention that. Also, Dinnie doesn't like to think of all those big front windows gradually taking on tweed stripes, and too, he must look up now and then to see if the pigeons art still there, and he has no sun glasses. Of course, you can see the pigeons from across the street but they can see down, too, and you must peek at them cautiously or they will scurry behind the sign.

Dinnie recollects that in Columbia Hill in the old and very early days, he could pick out the fattest pigeons in a flock of several thousand wild ones and bring down at least five robust birds with one blast from the family muzzle loader, but today, he is afraid to shoot, not because his eyes are less keen for birdies but because he is afraid of hitting the clock that usually says it is either noon or midnight. He refuses to try a fishing stunt while Earl Hiscox is at Quaker Hill or Bowman Lake. It was suggested that he let down a hook and line baited with corn and if it developed that these are 'red point' pigeons and preferred hamburger he could apply to the ration board for necessary meat points and take the corn home to his chickens.

Suggestions made to Dinnie that he parachute down and surprise the pigeons are being unfavorably considered. It seems that unrationed parachutes, available for civilians, seldom open. And as to a rope to hang onto while hovering: They don't make them of hemp any more and one might break and, anyhow, the guy who held the rope, might let his foot slip. Further suggestions that if the pigeons are left alone there might be some day enough birds to make a pigeon pie are met with the reply that "What is the use of having forty pigeons if we can't catch four," which sounds reasonable.

Perhaps some day some one will figure out how to help Dinnie bring the cooing and coy pigeons into custody. He would be glad to turn them over to the sheriff's office for keeping if he could once get hold of their tail feathers, although he would prefer to grap them by the neck. He would feel more secure, so to speak. Sometimes Dinnie thinks their coo sounds a lot like "Boo."

Officers Elected By Auxiliary VFW

Banner Mountain Post, VFW Auxiliary elected the following officers Thursday evening, Mrs. Edna Hansen, president; Mrs. Marille Day, senior vice; Mrs. Pearl Strach, junior vice; Mrs. Minnie Young, conductress; Mrs. Margaret Tonella, chaplain; Mrs. Nance James, patriotic instructor; Mrs. Agnes Hoskins, guard. A candidate was initiated into the auxiliary the same evening and serving refreshments brought the evening to a close. The newly elected officers will be installed at a later meeting.

Young Girl Injured Vaulting Tennis Net

Lucille Smart, young daughter of Mrs. Minnie Smart, is in Jones Memorial hospital recovering from injuries resulting from her attempt to leap the tennis net at the James S. Hennessy School.

She tripped and fell in such a way as split the leg open wide and deep. Dr. Carl P. Jones treated the injury. She will remain in the hospital for several days, and when the swelling subsides, the leg will be splinted.

WAC Recruiting Officer In Grass Valley Tomorrow

Lt. Marian Jevne of the Women's Army Corps will be in Grass Valley Tuesday, March 28, to interview all women interested in the Corps. She may be contacted at the Bret Harte Inn from 11 to 4 p. m. or by phone at the Inn in the evening.

All women seeking information about the job and station assignment plan offered by the WAC are urged to contact Lt. Jevne.

OLD VINES REMOVED

In preparation for structural changes in Bret Harte Inn, to provide for a cocktail lounge in the southwestern corner of the building on the ground floor, Boston ivy vines are being removed. These vines are nearly 20 years old and some of the trunks are five inches in diameter.

Storm warnings for mariners in the port of San Francisco are flown from the top of that city's Telephone Building.

STATE BAR ASKS BAN ON JUDGING BY BUREAUCRATS

The rapid growth of federal and state governmental administrative bureaus and agencies under the impact of a war has received much public attention in recent months. These administrative bodies now determine many rights whereas formerly rights were adjudicated in the courts. This administrative process, which has to a great degree supplanted the conventional judicial process, vitally affects everyone directly or indirectly both in his personal rights and in his business, profession or trade. Unless this function of government is exercised within the framework of our Constitution and in compliance with the fundamentals of due process of law, the danger of our government's being changed from one of laws to one of men is imminent and very real.

The State Bar of California, through its committee on Administrative Agencies and Tribunals has given earnest study to this problem for sevelal years. As a direct result of the recommendations of this committee, legislation was sponsored by the State Bar and enacted by the legislature providing for the publication of the mulititudinous rules and regulations of state administrative agencies to enable those subject there to discover their content, meaning and effect. This important step in the improvement of the technique of the administring justice in California by the administrative process will be completed as soon as the various agencies have their rules and regulations in proper form and file them as required by this new law. The State Bar has tendered the gratuitous services of its committee to any agency desiring assistance in the formulation or revision of rules and regulations.

But there is another very serious problem in the administration of justice through the administrative process which the state bar and its special committee have considered at length. It is the frequent practice of investing administrative personnel attached to an administrative agency with the power and authority to act as investigator, prosecutor, judge and jury.

The dangers from such a system to the proper administration of justice in accord with required due process of law are obvious, implicit and inescapable. It does violence to our most fundamental concept of fair and impartial justice. To remedy this situation and yet retain the benefit which comes from the use of administrative process in the exercise of government in the affairs of men, the state bar committee, after much inquiry and study of state administrative agencies, has recommended the adoption of the hearing officer principle. The board of governors of the state bar has approved this.

Simply stated, this means that, in the discharge of functions affecting property and personal rights, the investigative and prosecuting functions of administrative agencies shall be separated from the adjudicative, so that the same administrative personnel does not investigate, complain, prosecute, hear, and judge affecting the rights of the people. This is accomplished by the appointment of hearing officers, suitably trained to conduct hearings. The hearing officer would be completely divorced from the investigation and prosecution of the case. The hearing would be so conducted as to satisfy the requirements of due process of law and thus assure those who may be adversely affected by decisions a fair trial and an opportunity to be fully heard. This is simple but fundamental American justice, which the state bar believes should exist in the administration of justice by state bureaus and agencies. The state bar stands ready to assist the state agencies and the legislature in bringing about this important procedural reform at the earliest possible date.

Interest of the legislature in this field is further evidenced by the enactment of legislation in 1943, under which the judicial council is now conducting an administrative agency survey.

When the rules of state administrative bureaus and agencies are published and can be ascertained and understood by the people, and when matters pending before such agencies are impartially heard and determined in accordance with due process of law with the assistance of one competently trained to conduct the hearing and with the orders of administrative agencies resulting from a proper hearing subject to adequate judicial review, all under procedure fully protective of the rights of the parties affected. California will have accomplished much in needed procedural reform of administrative process. The state bar is committed to this whole program and confidently expects public approval to assure its early adoption.

BORN

CROWE—In Grass Valley, Nevada County, March 22, 1944, to Lieut. and Mrs. Charles F. Crowe, a daughter.

P·G·and E· ELECTRIC CAPACITY EXCEEDS that of GRAND COULEE and BONNEVILLE Combined

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID about the large electric power projects of the Federal government—Bonneville and Grand Coulee in Washington and Oregon, Boulder Dam on the Colorado River.

They have been widely publicized for the contribution they have made to war production—for the power they have provided for industry, commerce and agriculture on the Pacific Coast.

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During 1943 the P. G. and E. supplied power to approximately 27,000 industrial plants and affiliated operations. Bonneville and Grand Coulee together served only fifteen, six of which are aluminum.

P. G. and E. power went to 40 shipyards and allied plants, 33 iron and steel plants, 4 magnesium plants, 7 cement plants, 126 food processing plants, and more than 26,700 smaller industrial plants. P. G. and E. also served 80 military and other governmental establishments; Bonneville and Grand Coulee served 15.

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CARIBOU	HAT CREEK NO. 1	SAN JOAQUIN No. 3	AVON
CENTERVILLE	HAT CREEK NO. 2	SOUTH	BAKERSFIELD
COAL CANYON	INSKIP	SPAULDING No. 1	EUREKA
COLEMAN	JUNCTION CITY	SPAULDING No. 2	MARTINEZ
COLGATE	KERCKHOFF	SPAULDING No. 3	MIDWAY
COW CREEK	KERN CANYON	SPRING GAP	NORTH BEACH
CRANE VALLEY	KILARC	STANISLAUS	OLEUM
DEER CREEK	LIME SADDLE	TIGER CREEK	
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